

which they effected in the following manner. The Stable having strong Leav'd Doors, above which are fixed strong Iron Bars very thick, the Felons (with a Knife or some other Instrument) cut a Hole in a Deal-board, somewhat above the Door sideward, through which, as it is supposed, by the help of a Hook, they pull'd back the Bolt; the next Coach to the Door hapning to be a fine *French* Coach lin'd with Green, and rich Fringes, being a Present made to the Right Honourable the Earl of *Portland*, when he went over Embassadour Extraordinary from His *Britanick* Majesty, was pillag'd of all the Linings, Fringes and Cushions; the next was a fine Coach lin'd with Crimfon, which they also ript off from the Top and sides, leaving only the Cushions, tumbled out of the Coach. 'Tis supposed the occasion of their Surprize, was by a sick Child, which in the Room was calling to his Mother, and next answering, Coming; and she owns she heard a Rumbling in the Stable, but did not imagine but it was done by those that belonged to it, and so took no further Notice. But there was a third Coach, being the King's Stage-Coach, exceeding the former two in Value, which was not touch'd, by reason, 'tis believ'd, they suspected the Woman would give notice. But 'tis generally believ'd among those of the Household, that their Chief Aim was to rob the King's Best Coach, which was presented to His Majesty by their High and Mightinesses the States of *Holland*, they conjecturing That to be among the rest, which would have prov'd a very Considerable Booty; but the Fine Coach was singl'd to an adjoining Room, which was divided by a Partition; and had they attempted the latter Coach door, which had but slight Glass-Windows over it, they would have found a more secible Entrance than the former, but as Fortune favour'd, mis'd it. 'Tis to be observ'd that these Rogues made use of a Method very seldom Practis'd by Common House-breakers; For they took care to fling all the Chips behind the door within, proposing to themselves, that the Stables would not be visited by the Servants in no short time, and had brought along with them some House-Plaister, of the same Colour with That the doors had been wash'd with; and as it is to be seen, had with their Fingers wash'd over the Fraction they had made for Entrance, thereby conjecturing that it might so happen in a small space of time, the Loss of the Goods would be imputed to the Coachmen: But it happily fell out, that one of the Servants went to the Stable last *Saturday* Morning, and found the Coaches robb'd; whereupon a strict Enquiry was made among the Soldiers, who stood Centry, whether they had seen any one approach near the Stables? To which an inferior Officer answered, That they might as well have been robb'd in the day-time, for they were seldom look'd to of late, which sounded like a very frivolous Excuse; for day and night there are Guards continually standing on every side, especially in the night, the Gates being shut, 'tis next to an impossibility for any one to come in without their knowledge; wherefore it is peremptorily believed it was conniv'd at amongst themselves.

The Loss is computed to be upwards the Value of 30 *l.* and 'tis humbly presumed, that whosoever takes care to stop such Goods, if they come to be offered to Sale, will be well rewarded; they being left in Charge of the Lady *Overkerk*, who is lately gone to *Holland*.

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A True and Exact ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
**ROBBING**  
OF  
King WILLIAM's Coaches  
AT  
**KENSINGTON,**

On *Friday* Night last, being the 18th of this instant *August*.

*We have had frequent Accounts of Robberies of late committed near London, and elsewhere, and some of which not without most horrible Murthers to boot: Notwithstanding so many Assizes there are in the year, and the strictness of the Law, made and provided against such Vermin, still they rather augment than decrease, and are grown to that degree of Boldness, that they spare none, even from the Prince to the Peasant; the Defect whereof being Chiefly owing to our Senators, in not taking due Care by finding Ways and Means to Employ all the Poor and idle Persons of this Kingdom, in some lawful Employments, whereby they may get an honest Livelihood: Which His Majesty was graciously pleased most earnestly to urge to Both Houses of Parliament, at the beginning of the last Sessions. And 'tis generally taken notice of, that when they come to meet with Justice, they readily make their Reply, That Penury and Want was the Cause of their committing such Thefts and Outrages, and some again imply it for want of Trade. But to come to the Account of this late Robbery, committed at His Majesty's Royal Stables at Kensington; 'Tis as follows.*

**H**is Majesty's Stables not being often frequented by the Coachmen and other Servants belonging thereunto, by reason of His Majesty's Absence; But on *Friday* Morning last being the 18th instant, Mr. *Clark*, having occasion for some Things that were in the Stable, sent a Messenger to fetch them, where he found three of the King's Coaches, and all Appurtenances thereto belonging, safe and secure, and accordingly left them; But on *Friday* Night last, an attempt was made by some evil disposed Persons, to break into the said Stables, which



A N

# E L E G Y

On the DEATH of Mr. *WILLIAM SHERWOOD*, Victualler at the Sign of the *Lion and Ball* in *Red Lion-street*, who after having lain for some time in State, was Buried at *St. Andrews, Holbourn*, on *Tuesday* the 22d. instant, his Corps being Attended by 300 Persons, besides several Files of Granadeers, of which he was Lieutenant.

A T last our Hopes are fled, and he's departed,  
And leaves us Fudling Sinners broken hearted,  
To think how Death could take delight in Bawking  
The bold Designs of *Honourable Chalking*;  
Who now shall set young Lawyers Clerks a roaring,  
And countenance the Noble Art of Scoring?  
Who shall instruct the Soldiers in procedure,  
And dare to give Cross words to Grim File-Leader,  
Who Cloath'd in Buff, disdains Reproof, and scorns  
To use his Gun, since he can use his Horns?  
Ah *Sherwood*, to thy great Example's owing  
That *Sots* are skill'd in Drink, and *Warriors* knowing,  
That *Bars* are render'd *White* by Midnight debtors  
And many a *Name* is *Book'd* in *Simple Letters*;  
And should thy virtues want to be recorded,  
Thy Transcendent Worth be unrewarded,  
How would this Thankless Age be call'd Ungrateful,  
And hearty Soakers go without their Pate-full?  
*High* were thy *Thoughts*, and *Shining* thy *Designs*  
Above thy Station, and above our Lines.  
Thy Mind as *fresh* as thy *Working Ale*  
But *Sour* thy *Temper* like thy *Beer* when *Stale*:  
Yet thou hadst Vertues, and couldst rarely Nick it,  
When thou vouchsafst thy self to turn the Spicket;  
And being gracious pleas'd to let the Tap run,  
Quitting thy glorious *Sash* for foul Blew *Apron*:  
Witness the many *Pots* of *Purle* I've seen  
Drawn by thy Hands, most *nicely dash'd*, and clean;  
And potent Mugs of powerful Ale and Beer,  
*Frothing* at Top, as if thy *Mind* was there.  
But I do wrong to this departed Ghost  
In treating him, as if a Common Host.  
His Frowns Command, and charge me to forbear,  
And lose the *Vickler* in the *Man of War*.  
Methinks I see him on a Muster-day,  
Dress'd like a Hero, Fanciful and Gay;  
The Face well Scour'd with Soap, and by his side,  
There stands the price of Majesty his *Bride*,  
Who puts his Ruffles into Pleits, and dresses  
Her Charming Spouse with thousand soft Caresses,  
As his proud Soul contemplates his Condition,  
And thanks *Short-Pots* for getting his *Commission*;  
Whilst he gives Drink for Name of *Noble Captain*.  
Perceiving not the snares which he is trapt in.  
Awful he looks, and dreadful to the Sight,  
And meditates the pleasures of the Fight;  
Which stead of Dangers, and of hateful *Bullets*  
Presents him with *Roast-Beef*, and Legs of *Pullets*.  
But why alas! Am I thus long deceiv'd?  
And fancie life in one of Life bereav'd?  
Yonder He lies, and breathless is his Carcass  
Damn't, I could almost Swear, 'tis such a hard Case.  
Behold the Champion, who when living durst  
Fight to appease his Hunger and his Thirst,  
In Bloodless Battles, and in harmless Broils,  
Employ'd his Labours, and pursu'd his Soils,  
Now Moulder into Ashes, and decline

Speechless, as is the *Lyon* on his Sign.  
O Death! What mischief did ere *Sherwood* do thee?  
Though He Kill'd none, his *Liquors* sent 'em to thee;  
His *Punch*, his *Brandy*, and his *Heath'nish Spirits*  
Might have atton'd for his default of Merits,  
Since *Carbuncled Offenders* come by Scores  
And own the Conquest of his damn'd *All-fours*;  
As they with *glancing Pimples* on their Faces  
*Illuminate* thy dark and loathsome places.  
But I in vain my sighs and tears have spent,  
And fruitless vows for *Sherwood* upwards sent,  
Sighs are in vain, unless their cause was juster,  
Hell ne're return again to go to Muster:  
And fearless of Abuses or of Slander  
Will shew himself a terrible Commander.  
Yet Heavens be prais'd, that though the Tapster's gone  
The taps are still in use, and Spickets run,  
That the blest *Cellar* which H has left, produces  
Some *Liquors*, and *Celestial Juices*,  
Those who such a *Loss* survive,  
Happy in Life, if those but keep alive.

## E P I T A P H.

B Eneath this silent Stone there lies  
An insolent House-holder,  
Who living followed two Employes,  
A Victualler and a Soldier,  
The first Employment swell'd his purse,  
The last puff'd up his Mind,  
Which of the two's the greatest Curse  
E'en let the Readers find.  
His Wealth, that purchas'd him his Pride,  
His Pride got a Commission  
But what that got we can't decide,  
Who know not his Condition.  
He's dead and that's enough 't acquaint  
A Man of any sense,  
That if He's looking for a Saint  
He must go farther hence.  
Short Pots you know and under siz'd  
May chance to get Estates  
But never make us Canoniz'd  
Or open Heavens Gates.  
A Tawdry Sash may also shew  
The Post a Man inherits,  
But Reader neither I nor you  
Can swear that Man has Merits.  
What ere he was, 'tis all the same  
To me who am a Writing;  
You give him but a Sinners Name,  
I'll swear his Sin was Fighting.

F I N I S.

LONDON: Printed for A. B. near Chancery-Lane. 1699.